# Magic Lantern Lectures of Foreign Mission Lands

# SYRIA

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# Magic Lantern Lectures

**India**
**China**
**Persia**
**Syria**
**Africa**

Illustrating the daily life of the people, their occupations, religion, places of worship, the physical features of the country, public buildings, and the mission work. Each set is composed of seventy or eighty views, with a map and two missionary hymns. A lecture is sent with the slides. About an hour is required for reading the lecture and showing the pictures. A charge of $2 is made each time the slides are used, in addition to expressage both ways. The lantern and some one to read the lecture must be secured locally. Whenever possible, the slides are sent so as to arrive a day or two in advance of the date on which they are to be used, and they should be returned the day following, packed in accordance with the directions on the box.

## *Hints on Giving an Exhibition.*

***LANTERNS.*** There are two kinds in ordinary use—those using an oil lamp and those having an Oxo-Hydrogen or Calcium light. The oil lanterns answer for small gatherings where the audience is not critical. The lenses should be full size. A good single lantern would cost new not less than forty dollars. Those costing less than that are intended for toys. An oil lantern should be placed from fifteen to thirty feet from the screen; at twenty feet it would, with most lenses, throw a picture ten feet in diameter. The oxo-hydrogen light is decidedly better, and for large audiences, where it is necessary to get from thirty to sixty feet away, is almost essential. The cost of giving an exhibition with an oxo-hydrogen light is increased by the necessity of either generating the gas, or having it sent in iron cylinders.

***THE SCREEN.*** This is nothing but a large sheet fifteen or twenty feet square. It is often difficult to hang it because there is no ladder about, and no nails to which to tie the cords. It will be a help to the exhibitor to have these things ready, as well as some boxes on which to place the lantern.

***SLIDES.*** The American size of ordinary glass slides is 3¼ x 4 inches. The European slides are 3¼ inches square. Colored and fancy slides are mounted in wooden holders.

***READING LAMP.*** This may be improvised by placing an ordinary stable lantern or candle in a tomato box, thus shading it from the audience and the screen on which the pictures are shown.

***The Reader or Lecturer*** should read or speak distinctly and deliberately, and thump on the box or floor when he wishes another picture thrown on the screen.

***EXPENSES.*** A lantern man charges for an oil light exhibition from five to ten dollars; calcium light from eight to fifteen dollars. The rent of the slides is two dollars and expressage. The expenses may be defrayed by selling tickets or taking a collection. The latter is preferable, and sometimes enough may be realized for a special donation towards the work in India, China, Persia, Syria and Africa.

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

# SYRIA.

*(1)* The Syria Mission extends from Acre on the south, eastward to Mt. Hermon, and from forty miles north of Tripoli, eastward to the city of Aleppo. The five stations are (1) Sidon, with the ancient city of Tyre as an out-station; (2) Beirut (Bay-root) the port of Damascus and centre of mission work; (3) Abeih (Ah-bay) including Suk ul Ghurb, on the western slope of the Lebanon; (4) Zahleh, a town of 20,000 inhabitants, on the eastern side of the mountains, about 5,000 feet above the sea, and (5) Tripoli, fifty miles to the north of Beirut, on the coast. The Tripoli field is the most extensive, comprising over one thousand towns and villages, including the two large interior cities of Hums (ancient Emesa) and ancient Hamath. These towns have from 40,000 to 50,000 inhabitants each. The language of the people is Arabic, while that used by the Government officials is Turkish.

*(2)* Standing on the foothills of the Lebanon and looking over the extent of olive, orange and mulberry, with the grape clinging to the sides of the mountains, and away beyond to the wide expanse of the blue Mediterranean, we could almost fancy that the little white dots on its smooth surface were Phœnician boats going to or coming from some far away old-time port. Glancing inland we remember that the mysterious Hittite dwelt there; that Persian and Assyrian conquerors and Babylonish invaders all passed that way; that Greeks and Romans left their impress there, only to disappear before Mohammedan Arabs and Turks; that the mighty ones of earth were there, and died defending it or attempting to wrest it from foreign rule.

*(3)* We may see the places touched by their fingers; follow the ruts made by their chariot wheels; read the records in stone of their conflicts and conquests, and almost see the Crusaders marching on to take the Holy City from the infidel Turk. Nay, more, we may stand with uncovered heads in the very footprints of One who was mightier than the greatest of earth's great ones, Him whom the angels heralded on Bethlehem's plain twenty centuries ago.

*(4)* While the western world has been marching on, this one little corner has lagged behind, believing with Solomon that there never was and never should be anything new under the sun, and that the old landmarks were not to be removed. Hence, many things remain unchanged since the days of Abraham. The same goat-hair tents Japhet and Abraham dwelt in and Paul made, "working them with his own hands," are used by the roving Bedouin of the desert; the same curds and cheese are eaten; the lentil pottage Esau loved better than his birthright; the garden of cucumbers, the lodge therein, while the Cedars of Lebanon, the trees of the Lord, still stand, some of them dating back to Solomon's time. You may still pluck the lily of the valley and the rose of Sharon; may smell the camphor and note the hyssop growing on the wall; learn what "grasses on the house-top" mean, and see the thorns growing which will one day "crackle under the pot," as they did in days long gone by.

*(5)* The wine-press is there, trodden by the foot of man, reminding us of Him who for our sins "trod the wine-press alone." There are the orchards of pomegranates "with pleasant fruits," while the apple is still used as a thing which has a "pleasant smell," and "the fig tree puts forth her green figs," and "the vines with the grapes give a good smell," just as when Solomon sang of them!

*(6)* "The roe and the young hart upon the mountains of spices" are abundant, and the shepherd caring for his flock of sheep and goats may still be seen gathering the lambs in his arms and carrying them in his bosom.

*(7)* The highways are still full of stones, needing a new voice to cry, "Cast up, cast up the highway, gather out the stones." There are still veiled Rebeccas and Marthas who carry their pitchers to the fountains and who receive as the "token" or sign of their espousal "jewels of silver and jewels of gold and raiment." A bride adorned for her husband remains as a type of the New Jerusalem, and the gold is still "beaten into thin plates and cut into wires and woven into the blue and purple and scarlet and fine linen" for her adorning, while there are still women who wear "divers colors of needlework on both sides."

*(8)* When our Lord was about to leave this world and go back to heaven, and said to his disciples, "In my Father's house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you," he simply used an expression which they, being simple folk, could understand. They knew, as we who have lived in Bible lands know to-day, that the word

"mansion" meant an abiding place, and that in the father's house there were many houses, and that when a son brought home his bride the room built especially for him and furnished for the reception of his bride was his "house," the place prepared by the father's love and care. The father still retained *his* house, was still the head of the family, and the sons as they married only came home to a "mansion" a "prepared place," living in their own house, within the father's house.

***(9)*** Shall we go to such a home? Knocking with the iron knocker we are bidden to enter, and find ourselves in a large paved court open to the sky. In the centre is a cool pool of water about which are growing orange or lemon trees laden with fruit, perhaps a fragrant jasmine climbing up toward the sun, while the doors opening into rooms surrounding this open space disclose the "many mansions."

***(10)*** While you are being greeted by the *Sitt* (the lady of the house) you observe two women at one side grinding corn, "grinding at the mill." They are seated on the floor on mats and turn and turn the small stones placed horizontally one above the other. There is another woman pounding something in a mortar, probably the wheat and mutton for an especially delectable dinner dish called *kibbie*. This is what Solomon means when he says, "though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle yet will not his foolishness depart from him." Prov. 27. 22.

***(11)*** Children are playing about—the little sons and daughters of the daughters-in-law whom presently you meet. The hospitality is so genuine, the kiss on each cheek so fervent, that you feel you are indeed "welcomed a hundred welcomes" as you are ushered into the large parlor rich in rugs of priceless value and little inlaid tables. Presently a maid appears, soft-eyed, barefooted, bringing a tray of the most tempting sweets, preserved orange petals or fig paste, which latter word means, when uttered in Arabic, "rest to the throat." There are spoons or forks as the case may require, and glasses of water in which to place them after you have partaken. If it is in the fruit season a little table will be placed before you, covered with a white cloth, on which you find large clusters of grapes, the like of which you have never tasted before, so sweet and luscious; or a plate of melon cut in small pieces, all prepared for you to refresh yourself. When you cannot be persuaded to partake further, a bowl of per-

fumed water will be passed in which you dip your fingers, drying them on the towel which hangs from the arm of the servant. As we rise to go we are informed that it is "early;" that our hostesses have not "seen" us yet; and when we finally get away we are bid "go in peace," to which we respond, "God keep you," or "Peace be to you."

***(12)*** The prevailing religions of Syria are Mohammedanism, the Orthodox Greek Church, the Maronite Church, the Greek Catholic and Syriac churches, the Druze and the Nusaireeyeh religions. Syria fell into the hands of Islam early in the seventh century, and although zealous Christians, crowned heads and princely hearts fought bravely to recover it and Palestine (principally the Holy Sepulchre) from the Turk, yet with the exception of short intervals it has remained under Moslem sway until the present time. Mohammedanism in the Turkish Empire centres in Constantinople in the person of the Sultan Abdul Hamid the Second. It may be remarked in passing that Constantinople, which was the first Christian city founded in Europe, did not become the centre of Islam until the fifteenth century, and in that so much depends upon the way the "powers that be" in that seven-hilled city look at mission work, it really forms a part of our Syria Mission.

***(13)*** The city of Constantine, alas, is the capital of the Turkish Empire, and as we approach it we involuntary exclaim, "Beautiful for situation! How mightest thou not be the joy of the whole earth! Fair are thy palaces, mighty are thy bulwarks! How art thou laid low by the followers of the false prophet!" Imagine the waters of the Golden Horn gleaming in the sunlight, with a multitude of craft, large and small, flitting over its placid surface, ***(14)*** while the beautiful, sinuous Bosphorus winding in and out among the seven city-crowned hills defies description.

***(15)*** Glancing at a picture of the Porte one naturally asks, Which is it in this beautiful array of "gay and cheerful mansions?" And what is the Porte anyway? The official title of the chief office of the government of the Ottoman Empire is Bab-el-Ali, the High Gate, from the gate (bab) of the palace where justice is administered. This was perverted into the French, "Sublime Porte."

***(16)*** But of all the palaces, churches and mosques in this beautiful city, one especially attracts our attention, Sancta Sophia, about which clusters so much of interest to Christians and Moslems alike. The exclamation of the

Emperor Justinian at the completion of the building which had been erected by himself, may convey some idea of its splender and magnificence. "Glory be to God who has thought me worthy to accomplish so great a work! I have vanquished thee, O Solomon!"

***(17)*** It is built in the form of a Greek cross surmounted by a vast dome, the whole interior being lined with costly marbles, mosaics, and gilding, all of which, upon Moslem occupation, was covered with a coat of whitewash to hide the representations of human forms which are offensive to the Mohammedans. It is said that the sanctuary alone contained forty thousand pounds weight of silver. This magnificent church became a Mohammedan mosque when in 1453 A. D. Constantinople fell into the hands of the Turks.

***(18)*** Jerusalem also figures conspicuously as a centre of Moslem as well as Christian and Jewish faith. On the very spot from whence ascended the smoke of incense and burnt offering of Jewish devotion,—from the splendid temple of Solomon—to-day stands the Mosque of Omar, beautiful in outline, chaste in design and rich with gold and precious stones. Under this building is the stone which tradition says followed Mohammed as he was being caught up into Paradise, and the imprint of his foot as he kicked it back to earth is shown, seen, however, only by a Moslem eye of faith.

***(19)*** Mecca is the goal of the faithful of all Moslem lands. Hither the pilgrims come by steamer to Jiddah and from there by mule, camel or on foot to the Holy City. The object of this pilgrimage is to worship in the Haram (Ha-rám) which encloses the Kaaba or House of God and to visit the sacred well Zemzem from which the pilgrims drink and in whose sacred waters their sins are washed away.

***(20)*** The celebrated black stone, which is in the north-east corner of the Kaaba, Sir Richard Burton says: "appeared to him like a common aerolite. Mohammedans agree that it was originally white and became black by reason of men's sins." This stone has been an object of worship from earliest times and was as reverently kissed by the ancient Arabian idolaters as it is to-day by the barefooted, bareheaded followers of Islam as they make the sevenfold circuit around the Kaaba.

***(21)*** The Koran, the sacred book of the Mohammedans, is believed to have been from all eternity, co-existent with God himself; that the style, rhetoric and eloquence to be

inimitable by any human or angelic power, and so deeply do they reverence it that they never allow themselves to touch it without the legal ablutions imposed on every good Moslem. Neither is it lawful to translate it into any other tongue, Arabic being the language of Paradise. Hence every male, at least, must read it in the beautiful original Arabic, no matter what his vernacular may be.

*(22)* The Arabic language contains one thousand words for sword, five hundred for lion, four hundred for misfortune, and two hundred for serpent but not one word which means home. A home is a house, a place to stay in, nothing more. This veiled and shrouded woman lives in a house, and her life is as cheerless and unattractive as her outward appearance is to us. "Home is where the heart is; where the heart is there is rest." A Mohammedan woman knows no heart happiness because she is unloved, oppressed and degraded. Unwelcomed at her birth, ill-treated during life and unmourned in death is the sum of her existence. And Jesus died for her too.

*(23)* Beirut, the largest coast town in Syria, with a population of 100,000, is where mission work centres, both evangelical and educational. Scattered through the city are day schools for boys and girls, a fine large institution for boarding pupils, with several day schools under the care of the British Syrian Schools. The Prussian Deaconesses of Kaiserwerth have here a flourishing orphanage and boarding school. There is also a school for Mohammedan and Druze girls under the care of Miss Taylor, a Scotch lady, which has accomplished wonderful things in many ways. One of the teachers, a native young woman, was one day going home from school and to her astonishment was accosted by a Mohammedan on horseback who, on receiving no reply to his salutation, persistently rode beside her, asking if she were not a teacher in Miss Taylor's school. Although it is considered a gross insult for a Mohammedan to speak to a Christian woman, and that in the street, yet she saw that it was something of unusual import, and finally replied that she was and asked what was wanted. "What do I want? I want to thank you for teaching my little daughter about Jesus. You taught her and she taught me, and now I am fleeing the country that I may confess Him before men;" and with a fervent "God bless you," he put spurs to his horse and cantered away and she never found out who he was or where he went.

*(24)* In the centre of the town are the Mission Press,

the Protestant Church and the Seminary for girls. The press is on the left of the picture, the church in the centre, and the girls' school at the right. Here the Scriptures in the Arabic language are printed and sent all over the Orient; evangelical literature, text books for schools and singing books, as well as the *Neshra*, a weekly religious paper, the only religious journal in Syria. The censorship over the press is very rigid, all manuscripts as well as proofs of newspaper articles being closely scrutinized by the censor before they are allowed to be published. How rigid this examination is may be seen by the following incident. The best daily paper in the country is published in Beirut by an elder in the church at his own establishment which is also a publishing house. This editor had a curious experience lately. He wrote an article for his paper, "The Tongue of the Times," a proof of which he sent to the local press censor and was annoyed to find one sentence tampered with when it was sent back to him; but as he could not see any reason for omitting it he rewrote it, leaving in the principal word, telephone, and striking out some unimportant words and issued his paper. The next morning he was amazed at a summons from the Government House. Hastily repairing thither he was met by the enraged censor who demanded how he dared print that word. "What word?" He inquired. "Telephone," was the reply. "But what possible objection can you have to telephone," he again asked. "Every objection," roared the censor; "telephone and dynamite the same word; if you dare to print that word again, I'll suppress your paper for you!!!"

*(25)* The Female Seminary is worth a visit. The building is historic ground. In one of the upper rooms the Bible was translated into the Arabic by Drs. Smith and Van Dyck, a tablet with an appropriate inscription having recently been put in place. The large yard used for recreation by the boarding department was the refuge for thousands of native Christians during the massacres of 1860 when the Lebanon was all ablaze with the fires of burning villages. *(26)* The Syrian Protestant College, with its Preparatory and Medical Schools, stands on the headland called Ras-Beirût, and is the first to attract the attention of the traveler entering the harbor. It is separate and distinct from the Mission, having its own Board of Trustees, and is the natural outgrowth of the mission work. It educates the youth prepared in our common and high schools and is supported by voluntary contributions

from friends in America, by scholarships and endowments. The chapel recently completed is the finest building of the kind in Syria and was largely the gift of the late Elbert Monroe of Southport, Conn.

*(27)* Down the coast some twenty miles is Sidon, the old Phœnician Sidon which was "great" as far back as Joshua's time, a great and powerful port celebrated for its fisheries, and in Solomon's time for its skillful lumbermen.

*(28)* Here is another centre of work. Here we see the Girls' School or Seminary, a training school, where instruction in book lore, sewing and housework is given. The building was originally three houses which have been remodeled into a very convenient school-house.

*(29)* The main study hall is surrounded by class-rooms with sliding glass partitions which on occasion may be thrown open, thus largely increasing the seating capacity of the large room. In all the schools of the Syria Mission the book studied the most and loved the best is the Bible. As the Sidon Girls' School was closing for the summer vacation, the mother of one of the girls came to take her home. On being questioned as to the amount of clothing her daughter should take with her she replied, "I do not care what she takes so long as she has her Bible and can read to us during the vacation."

*(30)* The next thing of interest is the Sidon Boys' Academy, a boarding school occupying Wood Hall, a fine new building largely the gift of Mrs. George Wood of New York City. The boys educated here are either prepared for college or for teachers in our common schools. Many valuable men have received their first religious impressions here and have thus been brought into the church and are leaders in the country.

*(31)* There is being started in connection with this institution an Industrial Training School for orphan boys, and particularly for the orphans of the struggling and oppressed Protestant community, a necessity that has not hitherto been provided for anywhere within the bounds of our Syria Mission.

*(32)* Hasbeiyeh, an outpost of Sidon, is a village on a hillside, one house above another, so that the front yard of one is the roof of another. The village roads are narrow, and frequently animals stray off on these roofs. It is not an uncommon thing to see the leg of a mule or a donkey come down through your roof. There are certain places in them where openings are made so as to let down the grain for the winter's store. Such a place would easily be

broken up and an opening made large enough to let down a sick person. (Mark 2. 1–4)

***(33)*** Jedeideh is an interesting out-station in the midst of a beautiful district called the Meadow of the Fountains. Here our Mission has a large congregation and flourishing schools for boys and girls numbering five hundred pupils; also the only school for Bedouin Arab boys, a boarding school.

***(34)*** The Bedouin Arabs are the true sons of Ishmael, dwelling in tents, and living a wild, free, independent life, roaming over the vast interior plains which extend from Aleppo to Bagdad, thence to central Arabia. They are wholly ignorant of reading or writing, yet they transact an extensive business in livestock. The beautiful Arab horses so celebrated in rhyme and story are bred by these dwellers in tents.

***(35)*** In religion the Arabs are nominally Mohammedan. They practice poligamy, and divorce is as "easy as taking a drink of water." "The Bedouin esteem a boy better than a girl, because the boy may rise to honor, but the girl has nothing to expect but cursing and abuse from her husband and all his relatives." Cleanliness is an unknown quantity. Their garments, persons and tents are literally alive with the third plague of Egypt. Housekeeping is an easy thing when there is no sweeping and dusting, no bric-a-brac to be cared for, no stockings to darn or dishes to wash. ***(36)*** See the family at dinner, and notice how they dip their hands together in the same dish, just as the disciples did with our Lord. Sometimes the meal consists of a kid seethed whole, and then all hands fall to and tear out a piece or chunk according to their respective appetites.

***(37)*** Ibl is an interesting plaçe, the founding of the Protestant church there was accomplished in such a remarkable manner. There lived in Ibl a man by the name of "Tiyar abu Tiyar" who was a character. He was known in all the region round about as a very clever marksman and one who could be relied upon to settle a blood feud once for all by disposing of the offending party. He never missed his mark. There was a missionary living at Hasbeiyeh who was obnoxious to the people; they did not want the gospel and were loud in their protests against its introduction among them. So the only way to prevent it, they reasoned, was to get rid of the "Bibleman" and Tiyar abu Tiyar volunteered to do it. On a certain day it was reported that the missionary was to

pass through Ibl on his way to El Khiyam, a village not far distant.

*(38)* Tiyar at once saw his opportunity and betook himself to the fords of the river Hasbany, one of the tributaries of the Jordan, and there concealed in the oleander trees awaited his coming. He was sure he would come, for he said, "There is one thing about these Bible people, they always do as they say. They are not liars as we are." Presently he caught the sound of horses' hoofs on the stones as the missionary rode down the mountain side.

*(39)* Instantly he was alert, gun in hand cocked and ready to fire. "There he is," he said to himself, "In a minute he'll be here and I'll raise my gun and fire and he'll roll off his horse into the river and never know what hurt him." But Tiyar waited in vain for the missionary, and as the sun registered noon he very dejectedly left his place and went back to Ibl. On the way he met a man whom he knew, to whom he said, "Well, he didn't come! He is a liar like the rest of us. He did not keep his word." "Oh yes, he did," replied the other, "he is over in El Khiyam holding his meeting, and I have just come from it." "How did he get there," asked Tiyar in great astonishment. "I do not know how he got there, I only know he is there." Tiyar did hear the click of the horses' hoofs on the mountain side, but the "keeper of Israel never slumbers," and as the missionary all unconscious of Tiyar's purpose rode along, his attention was attracted to a village he had never visited up on the mountain a little way, and instead of waiting for a more convenient season, he reined his horse sharply about, went to the village, made the acquaintance of the people, then continued his journey to El Khiyam by another road.

*(40)* Tiyar, wondering greatly, said he supposed he could shoot the missionary just as well in a house as while concealed by oleander trees, and hastened to El Khiyam. As he reached the house and rudely pushed his way in through the one door, his farther progress was arrested by the sound of reading. This is what he heard: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, etc.," and then he heard the missionary tell how much God loved sinners and what a precious thing he gave for their salvation. As he listened he became so interested that he forgot to kill the preacher, but rather, when the meeting was over, he hurried from the room as fast as he could saying, "I did not know they talked like that." And the next time there was a meeting Tiyar was there

eager to hear more of this wonderful message. He kept coming to each meeting until he was converted and then in Ibl stood up one day to confess his love for his Saviour and was the first fruits of what is now a flourishing church. His son has been a native preacher for many years in the employ of the mission.

***(41)*** Deir el Komr, an outpost of the Abeih Station, is a large town on the western slope of the Lebanon mountains. In 1860 when there were awful massacres of the nominal Christians by the Druzes, the Rev. William Bird resided there while his co-laborer, the Rev. Simeon Calhoun of sainted memory, lived in Abeih where Mr. Bird now lives. The massacre began when Mr. Bird was away from home, he having gone to make arrangements to remove his family to a place of safety, for the signs of the times were such as to lead him to feel sure that trouble was coming. Before he returned the massacre began. Mrs. Bird and the children were alone, and many of the Christians ran terror-stricken to the house, believing that under the small American flag which Mrs. B. displayed in one of the windows there was safety. The din outside was horrible, and now and then bullets would crash through the small window near the ceiling, warning the refugees that their turn might come next. But the awful day slowly passed and no attempt to force the house was made although the town was burned and pillaged and nearly the entire population murdered. Was it the Stars and Stripes, or what, which saved this one house? We shall see.

***(42)*** A few years ago the old Druze warrior who led these terrible massacres, whose name was a terror in the mountains, at the mention of which women fainted and strong men trembled, lay sick and was carried to Beirut for medical treatment and there was visited by one of the missionaries who read to him from the Bible and prayed with him. "Sir," said the sick man, "I knew that man of God, Mr. Calhoun, and honored him. When the massacres of 1860 took place you remember there was no massacre in Abeih. That man of God, Mr. Calhoun, lived there, and I ordered that no man lift a finger in that town. And at Deir el Komr, did any one touch your mission house or any one in it? I ordered it to be held sacred because of Mr. Calhoun, that man of God whom I honored.

***(43)*** Suk ul Ghurb commands a magnificent view of the terraced Lebanon, the plain covered with olive and mulberry trees, the city of Beirut and the Mediterranean Sea.

It is 2,500 feet above sea level and is the residence of one of the missionaries of the Abeih Station.

*(44)* A large and flouishing boarding school for boys is also located here which, like the Sidon School, prepares boys for college or theological seminary or for common school teachers and native helpers.

*(45)* Will you glance at this broad-tailed sheep—the only kind in Syria? This tail is all solid fat, not tallow, but more like lard, and is very nice in cooking. The tail weighs from fifteen to forty pounds according as the sheep is fattened. To fatten him the women feed him mulberry leaves, literally stuffing him full, pressing the leaves into the sheep's mouth and pushing his jaws together for him. They feed him during the night and keep up the stuffing process until, when they kill him, he is so fat he can scarcely walk.

*(46)* Let us go back to Beirut and take the train for Zahleh, one of our principal stations. It is situated on the eastern slope of the Lebanon. When more than thirty-five years ago our missionaries attempted to start the work there, they were stoned out of the town, narrowly escaping with their lives, and it was more than ten years after ere it could be regularly occupied. Here it was that the Rev. Frank A. Wood and Rev. Gerald F. Dale, Jr., the pioneers of the work, lived and died. *(47)* Look at the church built by Mr. Dale. For many years this building was the only dry spot in Zahleh when it rained, because instead of the mud roof common to the other houses, it had a tiled roof. The bell in the little steeple was made in Syria. *(48)* Moslems do not use bells. They believe that they call devils and evil spirits together. Hence the human voice is their call to prayer, ringing out over the city from the lofty minarets five times a day:

*(49)* "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God," upon hearing which the *(50)* faithful hasten to perform their ablutions that they may prostrate themselves before Allah, always facing towards Mecca, the Holy, as they utter their prayers which are sentences from the Koran and in no sense prayers as Christians understand the term.

Descending to the sea again we will go by horseback up the coast for fifty miles, passing through ancient Gebal (now called Gebail) whose wise men were calkers for the old Tyrian ships; on through the pretty town of El Batrûn, over its paved streets, following the mule paths up over the slippery Masailahah until the Point of the Divine Counte-

nance is passed, descending to the plain again and following the bend of the coast until the Mina, the port of Tripoli, only a mile from the city, is reached.

*(51)* Riding through the streets, so narrow that the people we meet stand pressed against the walls to escape our horses' hoofs, winding in and out, we finally reach the Tripoli Dispensary where the missionary physician holds daily clinics attended by multitudes of the sick and suffering. These clinics are preceded by a religious service which all patients attend; Moslem, Greek and Maronite all listen reverently to the reading and exposition of God's word and to the prayer which follows.

*(52)* The soul being cared for, the body is attended to, and when a prescription is given it is written on a paper bordered with texts of Scripture, which must be retained and brought with the patient when he returns for consultation or treatment. Many a weary heart hears of Christ for the first time in this dispensary. A Nusaireeyeh woman who learned for the first time that women had souls and that Jesus died to save them, begged for books to take to the men to tell them about it. They would not believe her words; she could not read but took the books to the men.

*(53)* Leaving the dispensary we pass through more of the narrow streets, under covered passages, threading our way among people, dogs, donkeys and long lines of camels, until we come out on a wide street and find a tram-car just starting for the city. Take a good look at this well-built tramway and cars, all the way from Birmingham, England.

*(54)* Let us go up on top and get a glorious view of the Lebanon Mountains, a long line of snow covered mountains stretching for more than thirty miles southward, the highest point of which being over 10,000 feet above sea level. We are passing between rows of the "pride of India" trees and cactus hedges which fence in the orange gardens—the chief wealth of Tripoli. Yonder on the hill is the old Crusaders' Castle, built by Raymond of Toulouse in the twelfth century. It is now one of the state prisons of Syria.

*(55)* But this building with the tower off to our right, what is it? That is the Tripoli Girls' School with its boarding and day schools all under one roof. The boarding department accommodates forty-seven girls and the day schools could hold one hundred and fifty more although the highest total yet reached was one hundred and eighty in all departments. Here the girls come from the many towns and villages of the Tripoli field and are taught, as in the other boarding schools, housework and sewing as

well as from books. ***(56)*** "School girls" are sought after by the young men when looking for a bride, and more than once have betrothed damsels been sent to this institution for one or two years of schooling that it might be said they were "daughters of the school" as the Arabic puts it. ***(57)*** Let us pass to Minyara, an outpost of Tripoli, five hours away, where in '83 there was not a single church member. To-day there is a church with over one hundred members, and the village is practically Protestant. When the missionaries decided to open a work in Minyara they wanted just the right kind of a man to place in a school there as a sample of evangelical Christianity. The only one they could spare from their corps of teachers was an exceedingly plain man with a very limited education. He could only just read, and to carry a class in arithmetic beyond long division was too great a task for him. But he was mighty in the Scriptures and full of the Holy Ghost; and the wisdom of placing him there as a sample Christian is seen in the turning to the Lord of almost every man in the village.

***(58)*** The church building is a plain structure, not unlike the other houses in the village. Minyara is very near old Arkka of Gen. 10. 17. "The Arkites lived there." Just down on the plain below the village and in front of the hill Arkka, Alexander Severus was born when a Roman army encamped there, and centuries later when Peter the Hermit led a crusade and was encamped there, he endured the test of "passing through the fire." In many instances the entering wedge used by the mission in introducing evangelistic work in new places is that of a common school for boys. The boys having learned to read, study the Bible daily and many of them take it home at night and read to their parents what they have studied during the day.

***(59)*** There was a widow who lived in one of the villages of the Tripoli field whose only child, a son, was in such a school. She lived in an ordinary village house, with its curious inside arrangements,—the wheat jars on one side and the bedding piled up in the *yuke* or shelves, which are hidden by a calico curtain. ***(60)*** This woman was converted because of what her boy read to her from the Bible, and shortly after she united with the church she went to one of the missionaries who was in the village to examine the school and the new little church, and leading her boy with one hand while she steadied a measure of wheat on her head with the other, said "Sir, they tell me

that my son is a bright boy; that he has learned to read very quickly, and he wants to study. You know I cannot do much for Jesus; I have only just learned to love Him. The enemy has injured my field of grain and stolen from the threshing floor, and the tithe gatherer for the government has taken nearly half of what was left. But I want to do something for the Master, so I have come to ask you to take my boy and teach his tongue to speak for Jesus. I will furnish his clothes and bed," and then taking the measure of wheat from her head she said, "and I'll give you a tithe of the wheat I have left." The boy was educated first in Abeih and then at the college in Beirut; he became teacher and preacher at Tripoli and is now professor of the Arabic language and literature in the college in Beirut.

***(61)*** In 1884 a carriage road was completed from Tripoli to Hums and Hamath, over which a daily diligence runs. Here is a picture of it. The stock was subscribed by natives. The Sultan (pronounced Sûl-*tahn*) subscribed for 1000 shares, to encourage home enterprise, which he never paid for. One time when a dividend was declared the Governor-General who was present to represent the Sultan, said it was not necessary to declare the dividend but that he would just take the proceeds in the name of his Majesty and they would have no further trouble about it. And he took it all!

***(62)*** Leaving Tripoli by diligence we arrive in Hums and walk through the narrow, crowded streets to the helper's house which joins the church. This city of Hums, a city of 40,000 inhabitants, is the ancient Emesa of the Romans before whose gates the emperor Aurelian defeated Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, (or Tadmor in the desert which Solomon built) and carried her a captive bound in golden chains to Rome. The native church is large here, with an ordained native pastor. It is a growing church and is essentially a missionary one, sending out its young men two and two every Sunday to the neighboring towns to preach Christ.

***(63)*** Following the river Orontes as it flows to the north, we come to the ancient city of Hamath celebrated in Bible history as being the northern limit of the inheritance of the children of Israel. Jeroboam took Hamath from the Kingdom of Judah; David beheld it when he smote Hadadezer, king of Zobah, as he went to establish his dominion by the river Euphrates (I. Chron. 18. 3-4) and took from him one thousand chariots of iron, seven thousand horse-

men and twenty thousand footmen, a mighty victory; Solomon went there and prevailed against it and built store cities in it after he had founded Tadmor in the wilderness. The Hittite inscriptions found here are very valuable. The present city contains perhaps 50,000 people, is largely a Mohammedan town, and intensely bigoted. Work has progressed, however, and there is a sizable church there with schools for boys and girls.

*(64)* The water supply for this large population comes from the river Orontes and is raised to a stone aqueduct by a series of enormous waterwheels, the largest of which is about eighty feet in diameter. Dr. Thompson in the "Land and the Book" thus describes the Mohammedeyeh, as the largest one is called: "It is driven by the river itself. Small paddles are attached to the rim and the stream is turned upon them by a low dam with sufficient force to carry the huge wheel around with all its load of ascending buckets. There is no hydraulic machinery in the world by which so much water is raised to so great an elevation at so small an expense. Certainly I have seen none half so picturesque and musical. These wheels with their enormous loads slowly revolve on their groaning axles and all day and all night each one sings a different tune with every imaginable variation of tone—sobs, sighs, shrieks, and groans—loud, louder, loudest, down to the bottom of the gamut—a concert wholly unique and half infernal in the night which once heard will never be forgotten."

*(65)* Following the Orontes for five hours we come to Mahardeh the northern limit of the Tripoli station. Notice the house of the native helper, and that the stairs lead to the roof where the family sleep in summer. After once experiencing the myriad fleas and other vermin there, bred by the dung hills surrounding the town, one sees the reason for the evacuation of the house during the hot weather. There is a beautiful old Biblical custom prevailing here—the dividing by lot of the vast plains stretching away in every direction. This land is common property in the town and cannot be sold to a non-resident. Each year the land is marked off in long strips or lines by the head man, for which lots are cast. Naturally not all the strips are of equal value; so that one may exclaim in the words of the Psalmist, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage," (Ps. 16. 5.) while his neighbor uncomplainingly accepts his less desirable portion knowing that his chances for the goodly heritage next year will be as sure as his neighbor's were this time.

*(66)* The native helper in Mahardeh is one of the most attractive men in the Protestant Church in Syria. He was the first real convert in this large town. Rev. Samuel Jessup first visited Mahardeh in 1864 and the people would scarcely tolerate him and the native helper till morning. Sometime before one queer old fellow had bought two or three Bibles, paying in mats, at Hums. Finally he sold his sword for a large Bible which he took to the town. They had tolerated the Bible but did not want the missionary! When our helper was first converted he was rudely driven out of town and kept out for several months. Returning he found two others ready to join him and they were all driven out for a long time. When they returned one or two more joined them and they were scattered. But after that the numbers increased so rapidly that they could not deal with them *en masse* and had to take them in detail. Our helper's wife deserted him, his parents disowned him, and his brethern cursed him. Now father, mother, brothers, wife and children all sit down with him about the table of our Lord, proud to be known as Evangelicals.

*(67)* Aleppo is a large Arabic speaking city of some 150,000 inhabitants two or three days journey north of Hamath which has recently been annexed to the Syria Mission. It was opened to the Gospel by the Syrian missionaries but was turned over to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions when the division of fields was made between it and the Presbyterian Board. The A. B. C. F. M. made it a centre for work in the Turkish language, but as the language of the city is Arabic, little progress has been made, and a few years ago the Syrian Mission, with its corps of Arabic speaking workers, felt that it could better develop the field than the Turkish speaking missionaries and relieved the A. B. C. F. M. of its responsibility there and in due time will occupy it with a competent force of workers.

*(68)* Syria is full of castles built by the Crusaders, some built earlier. One of the most interesting of Crusaders' castles is Castle Husn which lies half way between Tripoli and Hums. It is called by the French "The Beautiful Castle," it being the finest of all the Crusaders' castles in Syria. It is a castle within a castle, a moat surrounding the whole. The local governor and his court and soldiers and a whole town live inside the walls.

*(69)* Look at this group of Nusaireeyeh men and women whom many think are the remnants of the lost tribes of Israel. Their religion is a mixture of Jewish, Christian,

Moslem and heathen faiths. They have no house of worship, but the country is full of their sacred groves and tombs of saints. You observe these women are standing while the men sit. It would not be etiquette for the women to sit while their lords stood. They do not eat with them either, but if there is anything left they may eat when the men have finished. If nothing is left it is their own lookout. They should have cooked more.

***(70)*** Here is a Druze plowman on the side of Mt. Hermon. After the first plowing the seed is cast in and then a second plowing covers it under. Notice the long pole in his hand. It has an iron spade at one end for cleaning mud and clay off the plowshare; the other has a short pointed iron on it with which to prod the oxen. This is the ox goad of the Bible and was the weapon of Shamgar, one of the judges of Israel, when he slew six hundred Philistines.

***(71)*** The threshing instrument of Bible times is still used and is called a *mowrej*. It is like an old-fashioned stone boat of two planks turned up in front with little nodules of iron driven into the bottom like projecting heads of great spikes, ***(72)*** and when this is drawn over the grain, the driver of the cows or oxen standing on the instrument, the straw is broken up quite fine and the grain shelled out. ***(73)*** Then the winnower comes with his fork (Isa. 30. 24) and tosses the chaff up to the wind which blows the straw to one side and the chaff quite away, while the wheat falls back on the floor.

***(74)*** Every visitor to Syria should time his visit so as to make a trip to the Cedars of Lebanon. There is but a small clump of *old* trees standing, which are enclosed by a substantial wall, one of the many monuments to Ristam Pashaw, who will ever be remembered as the good governor of the Lebanon. This group of trees is very old, some of them dating back to Solomon's time, and stand there in their sheltered nook, six thousand feet above sea level, with the Lebanon Mountains behind rising four thousand feet higher like a vast amphitheatre.

***(75)*** In closing, the following pictures give us great contrasts. The ruins tell us of ruined religions that are passed away, have been wiped out and are gone, while grand Mt. Hermon reminds us that the everlasting hills stand as God made them, unchanging and unchangeable, a silent witness to Him whose goodness faileth never, and never shall fail, even though the mountains be removed and carried into the midst of the seas. Baalbec, many writers

think, is the Baal Gad of the Scriptures. The substructure of the Temple of the Sun, according to Dr. Thomson, may date back to the age of Joshua and can hardly be later than the time of Solomon, and if we are to believe Mohammedan tradition Solomon certainly did erect some of the temples there. We find in the ruins the architecture of the Phœnicians, Syrians, Greeks and Romans, all of whom worshiped here and are gone, but their ruins tell their story. ***(76)*** High up in the foundations are three great stones that will doubtless always remain there. One of them is 15 by 13 feet and 64 feet long, and is said to be the largest stone ever placed in any structure.

***(77)*** One unused stone lies in the quarry and is large enough, to quote Dr. Thomson again, to cut three very respectable rooms in it, and still leave partition walls three feet thick. It is 14 by 17 feet and 69 feet long.

***(78)*** Under the shadow of these stately columns our Zahleh mission station has started a little church, little in its beginning, but steadily increasing, a part of that glorious Kingdom which is to fill the whole earth with its radiance.

***(79)*** Let us now climb to the top of hoary Lebanon and from its lofty summit gaze over the wide stretch of mountain, plain and sea. Again we see a train of conquerors as we saw in the beginning, conquerers in the true sense, seed sowers, well diggers, harvesters. They bear no weapons save one, the sword of the Spirit, and we realize as we gaze that the Lebanon is being turned into "a fruitful field;" that the desert shows signs of bursting forth into blossoms as the rose; that the old wells have been cleaned out and the living water found again for all who thirst and come to draw therefrom. We see also that the foundations of the walls of superstition and ignorance behind which the followers of the false prophet and a dead Oriental Christianity are entrenched, have been undermined; that breaches have appeared in the walls through which the true light streams; that churches as beacons have been erected along old Phœnicia's shores, and school-houses like watch-towers from which the cry goes forth, "Watchman! What of the night?" And the answer rings out clearer, farther-reaching than any call from the loftiest minaret, "The morning cometh!" and old Hermon repeats it, "The morning!" and the Judean hills catch the refrain "Cometh!" until from peak to peak, and from the river unto the plain the glad news is echoed and re-echoed, "The morning cometh!"

*(80)* Closing Hymn.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible quick sword:
His truth is marching on.

Chorus.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:
O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet;
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.